Supernatural, Gabriel/any, "Everything you can imagine is real." ~Pablo Picasso

Yet another post-5x19 Gabriel ficlet.

He's covered in ash and flowers, and feathers, and that's when he drags himself from sleep.

Gabriel's never slept before. He stares at his hands, wondering what happened, why that happened, and why his dreams are slipping away, quicker than he did when his pranks were done.

Then he feels the itch from the healing wound, the pain from a papercut and he remembers that he is human, no longer immune to sleep, or dreams, or physical pain.

Memories return slowly, as the sleep-caused mussiness fades, and he tugs the covers of the hotel room back, and gets out of bed.

He survived. He's human. He has money on him, but nowhere near enough to let him live comfortably.

He makes a face at the lack of chocolate in the room, and goes to try the phone. He remembered deciding to sleep before calling some contacts.

And he stops, remembering one of his dreams.

The ash was for his wings, burnt out. The flowers were for his grace, gone with his wings.

The feathers were for his life, which he still had.

And Gabriel has to stop, and stop himself from tears, but he's human, and so he finds wetness on his cheeks.